THE

Intelligencer.

NUMB. XX.

DEAN SMEDLEY,

Gone to ſeek his

FORTUNE:

Per varios caſus per tot diſcrimina rare Rum.

DUBLIN:
Printed in the Year, MDCCXXIX.

A short HISTORY *of the* DEAN, *by way of illustration.*

HIS first rise in the *Church* was a small living in the Diocese of *Cork*, given him by the GOVERNMENT, to the Surprize of the whole World. This Living he swapped soon after for a Chaplain's Post to a Regiment, which he Sold for five Hundred Pounds. He turned his Hand with this Money, and in a very litle time, got a *DEANERY*, this he swapped likewise for another Living. After this again he got another *DEANERY*, by some unaccountable methods, but being much in Debt, he was forced to fly his *Country*, and disposed of it, in what manner no Body can tell, but himself and another. He has left one living behind him, which he could not avoid doing, because it was sequestred for his Debts. When he went for *England*, in order to turn the Penny, he received Subscripsions from Numbers of Gentlemen, to carry on a Work, which would have taken ten Years to accomplish, if the most Ingenious and Learned Person had undertaken it, and which he himself could not have done in ten Thousand Years. After all this, he run off to *Fort St. George*, and left the following Character of himself.

THE

THE
INTELLIGENCER.

FROM the Political State for the Month of *February* 1729 pag. 209.

ABout the ſame time it was publiſhed (in the *Dayly Poſt* of *February* 13*th*) that a *Mezzotinto* is engraving from an Original Picture of *Dean Smedley*, with this remarkable Inſcription, Written by Himſelf.

R*Everendus Decanus, Jonathan Smedley*
'*Theologia iuſtructus; in Poeſi exercita-*
'*tus; Politioribus exultus Literis: Parce*
'*Pius; Impius minime: Veritatis In-*
'*dagator; Libertatis Aſſertor: Subſanna-*
'*tus multis; Faſtiditus Quibuſdam; Ex-*
'*optatus plurimis; Omnibus Amicus;*
'*Author hujus Sententiæ,*

'PATRES

'PATRES SUNT VETULÆ.

'*Domata Invidia*; *Superato Odio*; *per Lau*
'*dem et Vituperium*; *per Famam atq*;
'*Infamiam*: *Utramque Fortunam*, *Varioſq*;
'*expertus Caſus*; *Mente Sana*; *San*
'*Corpore*; *Volens*, *Latuſq*; *Luſtris plu*
'*quam* XI *numeratis*; *ad Rem Familia*
'*rem Reſtaurandam*, *augendamq*; *et ad*
'*Evangelium*, *Indos inter Orientales*, *pra*
'*dicandum*; *Grevæ*, *Idibus Februarii*,
'*Navem aſcendens*, *Arcemq*; *Sancti petent*
'*Georgii*, *Vernale per Æquinoxium*; *Anno*
'*Æra Chriſtianæ*, *Milleſimo Septingen*
'*teſimo Vieteſimo Octavo* TRANSFRE
'TAVIT.

--Fata vocant-- Revocentq; precamur.

Thus tranſlated.

The very Reverend *Dean Smedley*,
Of *Dullneſs*, *Pride*, *Conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to ſhine,
As *Poet*, *Scholar* and *Divine*.
With *Godlineſs* cou'd well diſpenſe,
Wou'd be a *Rake*, but wanted Senſe.

Wou'd

Wou'd ſtrictly after *Truth* enquire
Becauſe he dreaded to come nigh'r.
For *Liberty* no Champion bolder,
He hated *Bailiffs* at his ſhoulder.
To half the world a ſtanding jeſt,
A perfect *Nuiſſance* to the reſt.
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the beſt wiſhes they cou'd give him
To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had *Caſh* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *Laconick* Sentence,
By cutting of his Phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that *Biſhops* were old Women.
Poor Envy durſt not ſhew her Phiz,
She was ſo terrify'd at his.
He waded without any ſhame,
Thro' thick and thin, to get a name.
Try'd ev'ry ſharping Trick for Bread,
And after all he ſeldom Sped.
When *fortune* favour'd, he was nice,
He never once wou'd cog the *Dice*,
But if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *a quater trois*.

No

Now found in mind, and found in *corpus*,
(Says he) tho' ſwell'd like any *porpus*,
He heys from hence at forty four,
(*But by his Leave he ſinks a Score*,)
To the *Eaſt Indies*, there to cheat,
' Till he can purchaſe an Eſtate;
Where after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He'll mount his *Tub*, and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove by dint of Text,
This World is his, and theirs the next.

Leſt that the reader ſhou'd not know,
The Bank where laſt he ſet his Toe,
' Twas *Greenwich*. There he took a Ship,
And gave his Creditors the Slip.
But leſt *Chronology* ſhould vary,
Upon the *Ides* of *February*,
In ſeventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To *Fort St. George* a *Pedlar* went he.
Ye *Fates*, when all he gets is Spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE
(WENT

ALL

ALL Gentlemen, who are any ways attacked by Dunces, are desired to send a formal Complaint to the *Intelligencer*, with the Names of the Delinquents, there shall be ample Satisfaction given, by Printing the Dunces Names at length, with Animadversions, suitable to their Crimes and Qualities. By which means, we shall in time be enabled to accomplish an *Irish* Dunciad, in imitation of that incomparable Duncepick Poem, Written and Published, by the most Ingenious Mr. *Pope* against the *Grub-street Scribblers* of *Great-Brittain*. The *Intelligencer* does likewise for the Ease of the Publick, give Warning to all Dunces, of what Rank soever, forthwith to lay aside their *Crambo*, or he does in a most solemn manner declare he will Couple them together in their own Rhymes. He does farther assure them, that if, after this his Proclamation, any Dunce within this Realm of *Ireland*, shall presume to touch Pen, Ink, or Paper, after the twentieth Day of this Instant, before which time it is to be presumed he may hear this Read, that then, *ipso facto*, he pronounces him an Out-law,

and

and of Conſequence every Man has a right to his Head. And for every ſuch Head, brought in, the Reward ſhall be the current Price of a *Sheep's* Head, be the Rate ever ſo High.

Dated at our *Chambers*.

May, the *7th* 1729.

FINIS.